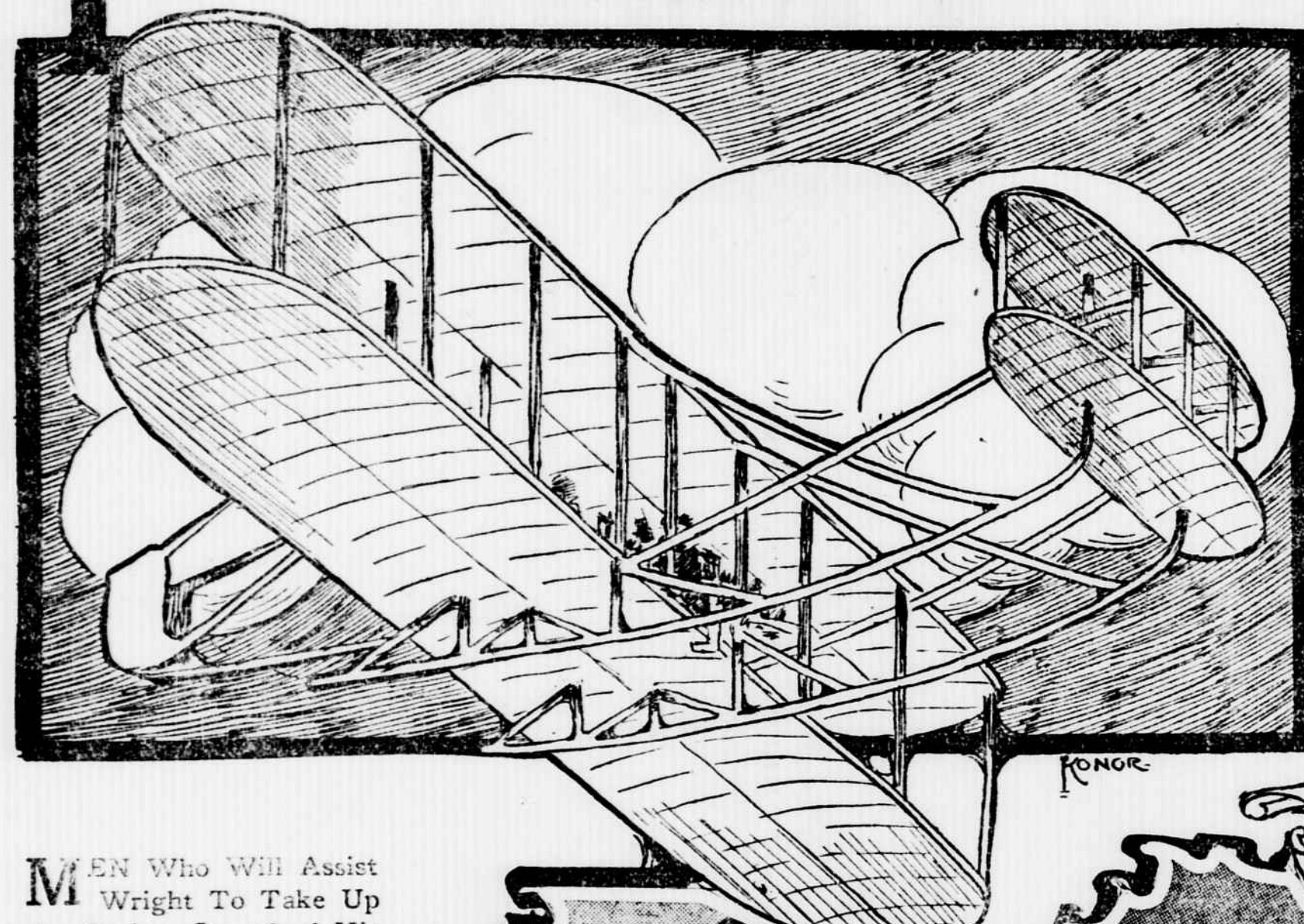


# THE MEN BEHIND ORVILLE WRIGHT



**MEN** Who Will Assist Wright To Take Up the Broken Strand of His Aerial Experiences—Prof. Chanute, the Scientist, Who Has Been an Ever-ready and Valuable Adviser—His Experience in Aeronautics—Charles R. Flint, the Financial Friend, Has an Envious Record as a Frenzied Flyer in the Field of International Finance—Army Officers Who Have Faith in Wright and Will Give Him Every Opportunity to Make Good.

ORVILLE WRIGHT's tumble from the skies did not shake his faith in his world-beating airship. Better still, this untimely interruption of the spectacular conquest of the air did not affect the optimism of the men who, by mechanical aid, advice or moral support, are assisting in the most notable inventive project of the first decade of the twentieth century. One and all they took it for granted, as soon as it was announced that Aviator Wright would live, that the intrepid aeronaut would take up the broken strands of his life work just as soon as his physical condition would permit.

While it has been decided that the Wright aeroplane will fly again at Fort Myer, Va., under the same conditions and using the same aerial routes as before, there are certain essential details of the plans for the future—notably the date for the resumption of the trials—that must remain uncertain until Orville Wright is restored to health. The question of an aerial vehicle for the second series of tests will not present any problem at all. Whereas certain portions of the original machine, conspicuously the motor, were saved from the wreck it is unlikely that there will be any portion of the original machine that will ultimately be turned over to the government. The Wrights have six complete aeroplanes and their shops at Dayton—duplicates of the one that lately came to grief—and any of these reserve flyers can be brought to Fort Myer at short notice and assembled in the machine that will be required for making ready the first machine. Of course, nothing can be done in this direction, however, until it is seen how long the aeroplane shod at Fort Myer will be occupied by the Herring machine which is due to be delivered early in October. Meanwhile the co-workers of the Wrights who are busy here with plans for the future are immensely encouraged by the record-breaking achievements of Wilbur Wright in the outskirts of Paris this week. In surpassing his brother's records the Yankee abroad has not only made possible the most decisive vote of confidence in the Wright machine, but has given proof that if Orville Wright's recovery should be less rapid than expected there is some one to come to Fort Myer and accomplish everything in the way of sky touring that came to be hoped for when the younger Wright set the unparalleled pace that turned the eyes of the world on the aeromantic stadium beyond the Potomac.

A remarkable circumstance in connection with the confidence manifested by all who have come in contact with Orville



CHAS. R. FLINT, FINANCIAL BACKER OF THE WRIGHTS



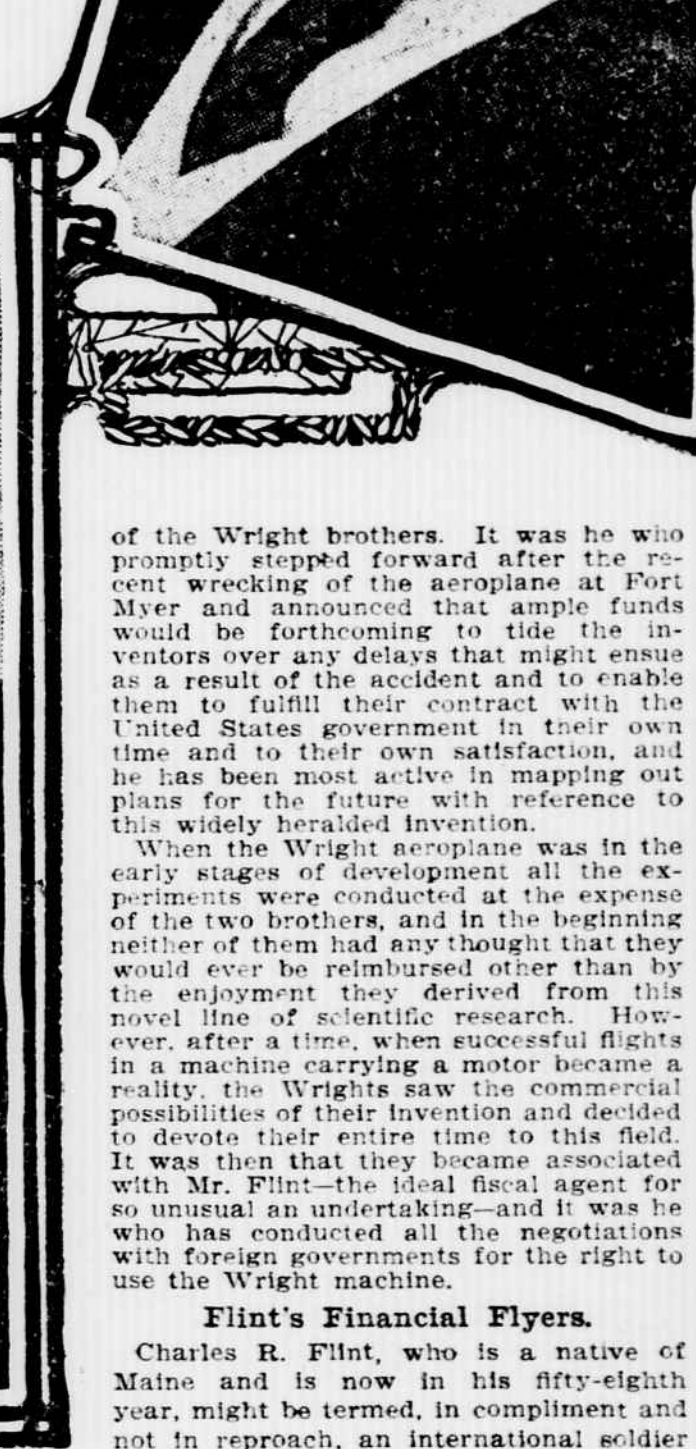
PROF. CHANUTE, SCIENTIST WHO HAS BEEN AN EVER-READY AND VALUABLE ADVISER



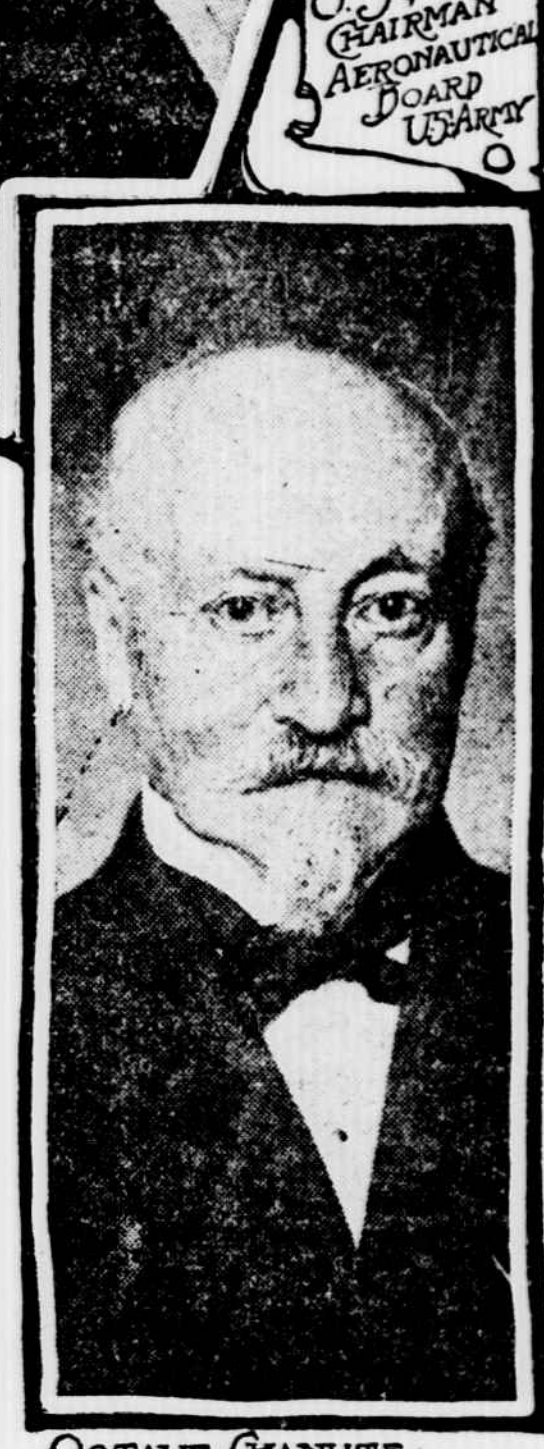
CHAS. R. FLINT, FINANCIAL BACKER OF THE WRIGHTS



CAPT. CHAS. J. WALLACE, AERONAUTICAL BOARD U.S. ARMY



MAJ. GEORGE O. SQUIER, CHAIRMAN AERONAUTICAL BOARD U.S. ARMY



OCTAVE CHANUTE, THE RIGHT BOWER OF THE WRIGHTS

Wright is that it is not confined to the mechanics and the French-born precursor, who have been with the Wright brothers for years past, witnessing their alternating triumphs and disappointments, but extends to scientists and United States Army officers interested in aeronautics, whose close-range acquaintance with the Wrights and their machine dates only from the beginning of the tests at Fort Myer, Va., a few weeks ago.

The dramatic accident to the foremost flying machine, with its sequel of the sensational flights were in progress over the Virginia hills and the breaking of world's records was of daily occurrence. The public heard much of the victorious aeroplane, but comparatively little regarding the personal side of the inventor and navigator and nothing at all regarding the men who, in one way and another, have been closely associated with the Wrights in their solution of the problem of mechanical flight. Now that the airship tests are temporarily suspended the thoroughly interested American public is turning its attention to these associates who have modestly kept in the background.

Naturally these aids of the premier aeronautist will be more conspicuously in the limelight henceforth, for upon them will depend many of the preparations for

a resumption of the flights. As soon as he recovered from the first shock of his severe five-foot fall the active brain of Orville Wright was busy with thoughts regarding his aerial racer and plans for the future—as was eloquently attested by his summons to his mechanics to visit him in his sick room—but it soon became manifest that his accomplishments in this direction, whatever his ambition, would necessarily be comparatively limited for some time to come, and so, with what grace he could, he surrendered to his friends and co-workers the responsibility for many of the preliminaries.

**First to Wright's Bedside.** Foremost among the men who rightfully share in the glories of the Ohioan's victory is Octave Chanute, the famous aeronautical expert. Prof. Chanute may be said to have been the guide and sponsor of the Wright brothers almost from the inception of their work in aeronautics. Not only has he assisted them with his valuable plans and data, but he has spent much time with them in the capacity of adviser, both at their plant at Dayton, Ohio, and at their experimental camp at Kitty Hawk, N. C. He was at Fort Myer during the trials that culminated in disaster and he was the first to take his place by the bedside of the stricken aviator and encourage him by an active preparation of plans for the future.

It is scarcely correct to say, as is

sometimes asserted, that Chanute inspired the first entry of the Wrights into the aeronautical field. The sons of Bishop Wright were first seized with a desire to attempt the mastery of the air through the pursuit of a number of scientific books which Wilbur Wright, the elder, read aloud to his brother Orville, four years his junior, as the latter was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. However, when the young men decided to devote what time they could spare from their bicycle repair business to the experimental construction of aerial craft they immediately wrote to Chanute, who had published about that time some valuable treatises relative to mechanical flight, and who, then as now, was regarded as a foremost authority on the subject.

From the outset Prof. Chanute was attracted to the young experimenters in the Buckeye state. Not only did he give them plans, drawings and specifications of the flying machines of the gliding type which he had invented, but he even transferred to the young enthusiasts some of the apparatus which he had used in his personal experiments on the lake shore near Chicago. With this material as a nucleus the Wrights built their first airship. In basic principle it was somewhat of a copy of the Chanute invention, but with several important modifications. In other words they took their precursor's craft and beginning where he had left off in its development introduced numerous improvements. For instance, they placed

the tail of the mechanical bird in front instead of in the rear and changed the position of the operator of the machine.

**Chanute's Interest in Wrights.**

At first the exchanges between the Wright brothers and Prof. Chanute were entirely by correspondence, but soon the young men became personally acquainted with their good friend and from that time on Chanute spent much time with them, both at Dayton and at the camp at Kill Devil Hill, four miles south of Kitty Hawk, N. C. He it was who for the Wrights that they have never missed an opportunity to express their deep sense of obligation and gratitude to Prof. Chanute, who in turn, has manifested the liveliest interest in the progress of the younger men whom he has come to look upon as sons. Chanute, now in his seventy-sixth year, is decidedly the youngest man of his years who has visited Uncle Sam's aeronautical trial grounds at Fort Myer and he has proven genuinely helpful in the formulation of plans and preparations for the resumption of the flights as soon as Orville Wright has recovered.

If Chanute, who has been termed the "right bower of the Wrights," has been almost indispensable to the success of the inventive brothers, quite as much may be said for Charles R. Flint, the New York merchant, capitalist and millionaire promoter, who is the financial "backer"

of the Wright brothers. It was he who promptly stepped forward after the recent wrecking of the aeroplane at Fort Myer and announced that ample funds would be forthcoming to tide the inventors over any delays that might ensue as a result of the accident and to enable them to fulfill their contract with the United States government in their own time and to their own satisfaction, and he has been most active in mapping out plans for the future with reference to this widely heralded invention.

When the Wright aeroplane was in the early stages of development all the experiments were conducted at the expense of the two brothers, and in the beginning neither of them had any thought that they would ever be reimbursed other than by the enjoyment they derived from this novel line of scientific research. However, after a time, when successful flights in a machine carrying a motor became a reality, the Wrights saw the commercial possibilities of their invention and decided to devote their entire time to this field. It was then that they became associated with Mr. Flint—the ideal fiscal agent for so unusual an undertaking—and it was he who has conducted all the negotiations with foreign governments for the right to use the Wright machine.

**Flint's Financial Flyers.**

Charles R. Flint, who is a native of Maine and is now in his fifty-eighth year, might be termed, in compliment and not in reproach, an international soldier of fortune in the field of high finance. Unusual in his methods and daring in his innovations, he has been for the most part singularly successful. Oddly enough, he has been for years a broker of the sinews of war, but until he took hold of the Wright machine his commodities were largely naval ships and not aerial craft. In 1895 he floated the first of his vessels for the Brazilian republic, and during the Chinese-Japanese war purchased the cruiser Esmaralda from Chile and turned her over to the Japanese government. He was active in the same line of emergency trade. Incidentally he has found time during the past nine years to organize about a dozen large trusts, including the chewing gum trust and the starch trust.

While the men who have been mentioned, together with George O. Squier, chief assistant to Orville Wright, are most active in the preparations for the future flights of the Wright aeroplane in America, valuable cooperation is being given by a group of deeply interested army officers—the members of the aeronautical board of the War Department—who have been appointed by the chief signal officer as a trial board or corps of inspectors to see to it, in cold-blooded, business fashion, that the Wright aeroplane came up to all contract specifications ere Uncle Sam paid down the \$25,000 agreed upon as a purchase price; but so impressed have these army officers been by the remarkable performances of the airship in the flights al-

ready made, and so deep is their regard for the modest, quiet-mannered and nervy navigator, that they are willing to do anything honorable to assist Orville Wright to win victory from temporary defeat.

The chairman of the board is Maj. George O. Squier, who was treated by Mr. Wright to a six-minute flight in the aeroplane a few days before the accident in which Lieut. Selfridge met his death. Maj. Squier, who is forty-three years of age, is a native of Michigan and is one of the most progressive officers in our army. Another member of the board is Lieut. Frank P. Lahm, son of the famous aeronaut, and himself the winner of the first great international balloon race for the Gordon Bennett cup. He preceded Maj. Squier as a passenger in the Wright machine and enjoys the distinction of having been a participant in the first two-man flight in an aeroplane built for military purposes. Other members of the board are Maj. Charles M. K. Salmagundi, Capt. Charles Wallace, leading officers of the United States Signal Corps, under the jurisdiction of which comes all army aviation, and edited by George Everett Thompson, entitled, "Information Concerning Nubian Goats." Mr. Thompson says that the Nubian or Assyrian goat is to be recommended for both quantity and quality of milk, as well as the absence of that "goat odor" which many persons find disagreeable. The goats in question are recommended also as being of a kind disposition, peaceful and gentle, not voracious and not requiring delicate nourishment. It should not, therefore, be inclined to browse on the shrubbery in the garden or try to assimilate the art ideas on the wayside billboards; neither should it respond to the call of its master with its head down and its hind feet twinkling in the air. But it is sensitive to cold, and for that reason the genial climate of California is recommended for it.

After a long and wearisome search Mr. Hester succeeded once in getting possession of a goat reputed to be a Nubian. He was relieved to find that the tree was not all that it should be, but the goat survived only a few months—long enough, however, to prove that the climate was acceptable to it.

The bureau of navigation is considering whether this letter should go to the bureau of natural history or the bureau of social economics, or whether the bureau of subsistence should tackle it. In the end it may have to be passed on by Secretary Metcalf, who knows a little about goats, but a great deal about California and also about the navy as a distributor of new kinds of live stock.

**Pensioners in Germany.**

From the Hartford Post.

At the commencement of this year the number of pensioners in the official insurance of the German empire for invalids, old age and sickness amounted to 978,800, of which 411,882 were invalid pensioners, 20,081 sick pensioners and 148,837 old age pensioners. The total amount paid out to the pensioners in 1907 is estimated at 172,000,000 marks.

## JOHN HENRY



**ON THE DRUMMERS HE MET**

By Geo. V. Hobart, ("Hugh McHugh")



EAR BUNCH: I'm headed for home, but the hurdles are holding me back. I met a whole flock of "the boys" in Rochester yesterday morning, and since most of 'em were making a flying leap for New York you can believe me it was a swift

A bunch of bristly ones—believe me! There were Charlie Hammond, leading man with the "Kitty, the Kash Girl" company, David Torrence, first heavy with the melodrama entitled "The Haunted Automobile; or Who Stole the Muffler?" Frank Westerton, first low sad with the "Crazy-Quilt Burlesquers"; Emmett Corrigan, who is lecturing through the provinces on "How to Play Bridge Without Impairing the Tonsils"; Malcolm Williams, the handsome leading man in the show business—when completely shaved; William Burress, the bath-robe king; Char-

lie Abbott, who sells that fine honey-dew, and Arthur Shaw.

Shaw travels for a clothing house in Cincinnati, and they call him Slim because he's getting so fat that every time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

He's all to the good—that boy! And such a cut-up! Slim knows more "look-out!—there's-a-lady-over-there!" stories than any other drummer in the business.

Then there were Nick Dairymple and Tod Gilpin—two live ones with a full set of sparks flying.

Nick goes after the orders for a hardware house in Columbus, and he knows everybody in the world—bar one family living in Youkers.

Nick has only one trouble, he will paddle after the ponies.

Whenever he makes a town where there's a poolroom his expense account gets fat and beefy, and Nick begins to worry for fear he may win something.

He won \$12 in Cleveland once and he spent \$218 at a boozologist's that night getting statistics on how it happened.

Tod Gilpin cuts ice for a match factory in Newark, and he's the life of a small party.

Tod's main hold is to creep into the "reading room" of a rube hotel after the chores are done of an evening and throw salt at the come-ons.

Tod tells them that their town is the brightest spot on the map, and they warm up to him and want to buy him sarsaparilla and root beer.

Then when he gets them stuck on themselves he sells them matches.

"Pipe the gang to quarters and all rubber!" said Slim, about half an hour after the train pulled out.

In the seat ahead of us a somewhat demure-looking Proposition in rainbow rags had been sampling the scenery ever since we started.

We had all given her the glad glance, but she was very much Cold Storage, so we passed it up.

As Slim spoke, the Proposition was joined by a young chap with a loose face, who had been out in the smoking room



They Call Him Slim.

working faithfully on one of those pajama panatela cigars that bite you on the finger if you show the least sign of fear. Just then the train stopped for a few minutes, and we were put wise to the fact that it was an incurable case of bride and groom.

"Oh! Boozey is back to his Birdie!" said the brand-new wife. "Did Boozey like his smoky woky?"

Boozey opened a bunch of grins and sat down, while wifey patted his cheek and cooed:

"Is ums glad to get back to ums 'little wifey-pifey'?"

Dave Torrence and Charlie Hammond began to scream inwardly, with Slim chuckling like a pet porpoise.

"Sweetie mustn't be angry with Petie, but Sweetie is sitting on Petie's 'little hand'!" said the bride, whereupon Malcolm Williams exploded and Slim began to grab for his breath.

A Dutch brewer and his wife sat right ahead of Boozey and Birdie, and every once in awhile the old hop-puncher would turn around and beam benignly over the gold rims at the bride.

"Boozey must snuggly-wuggly up closer to his Coozle and skeeze her litty arm, no, no, not her waist; you naughty, naughty!"

The brewer was back at the bride with another gold-rimmed goo-goo, when his wife got nervous and cut in:

"Is id you turn your face to see some-thing—yes?" she snapped, and the foam-builder ducked to the window and began to eat scenery.

Westerton was almost out; Burress was under the seat sparring for wind; Slim was giving an imitation of a coal barge in a heavy seat, and the rest of the passengers were in various stages from hiccup to convulsions.

"Is Boozey comfify wif his litty weeny teeny Birdie?" chirped the bride.

"Boozey is so happy wif his litty-wizzy!" gurgled the husband; "how's my 'little killy willy'?"

"Oh! she's such a happy-wappy 'little fink'!" giggled the dotty dame, pinching her piggle's ear, whereupon the brewer tried to hand the bride another gasoline gaze, but the old lady caught him with the goods.

"Is id to my face you go behind my back to make googly-googly eyes ad somevum—yes?" she growled, and in a minute the brewer's brow was busy with the window pane.

"Sweetie looks at Petie and Sweetie sees that Petie's pretty face is getting sun-burned, so it is!" cuckooed Mrs. Daffy;

and Sweetie has a dood mine to tiss him, too!"

They opened a newspaper, crawled under cover and began to bite each other on the chin.

"Go as far as you like!" said Slim, then he went down and out.

The man who helped to make Weehawken famous had his head out the window watching for an ice wagon and Mrs. Brew was industriously muttering, "Du bist ein Narr! Du bist ein Narr!"

Just then the train pulled out and saved our lives.

Dave, Frank, Bill, Slim, Charlie, Malcolm and I rushed feverishly up to the

other end of the car to cool off, and there we landed on the outskirts of a bunch of drummers, who were fanning each other with fairy tales about the goods they sold.

I'll back three of the lads in that collection to dream longer than any other drummers on the track.

It's a pipe that they can sell bills to each other all day and never wake up.

A guy named Mutt Dawson was holding forth.

He's a most reckless spendthrift with his words, and the meanest man to the English language I ever listened to.

Mutt was telling them about hypnotizing a merchant prince in Pikeville, Ind., to the extent of \$200 for open-work socks, farmers' size, and then a chap named Jack Dean sent his balloon up, telling us how he sold the big store of

bugsport, Iowa, \$300 worth of panama hats for horses.

The Hot Air Association was in full session when Buck Jones cameled over from the other end of the car and weighed in with us.

Buck is a swell.

He thinks he strikes 12 on all occasions, but his clock is all to the pazz.

Buck isn't a drummer—nay! nay! take back your gold!

He'll look you straight in the eye and tell you he's a traveling salesman—nix on the drummer!

I think Buck sells canned shirt waists for the Shine brothers.

And now, Bunch, here is where I affix one of Uncle Sam's promises—to carry to this document and drop it in the little green box.

The same as ever.

(Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Next week: John Henry on "The Drummer Boys."



"How's My 'Little Girly Wirly'?"

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Asks Uncle Sam's Navy to Get Him Nubian Goats

ALMOST infinite in their variety are the suggestions made to the government by citizens, usually with the best of intentions, but often with an imperfect knowledge of the conditions which would have to be taken into consideration in passing on the feasibility of the plans or policies which they advocate.

California seems to be especially prolific in advice and suggestion. Perhaps something in the climate quickens the inventive faculty, but they have ideas out there on everything from the cultivation of the guava to the management of a war.

Rear Admiral McCalla has forwarded to the Navy Department a letter received by him from James H. Hester, V. S., urging that the ships of the Atlantic battleship fleet, now in Australian waters, be instructed to bring home a number of Nubian goats to cross with the native animal that a race of goats may be bred with special reference to their milk-giving qualities.

Every ship aims to have a goat as a mascot. The idea is one of the most sacredly observed of all the traditions of the navy. Mr. Hester does not refer to that custom, but he dwells at length on the careful search he made, without success, for a real Nubian goat. He says "the goat of Switzerland is the Swiss peasant's cow—the Swiss